

To the W O R S H I P F U L
Robert Balaam, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgessees,
And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
T O W N of N O R T H A M P T O N,
This Yearly BILL of M O R T A L I T Y
Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILIPPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*,
from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1764, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1765; inclusive
of the Persons (in Number 8) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also
those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 1. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 6.
The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

<i>Diseases.</i>	A BORTIVE and	Asthma	1	Consumption	13	Inflammation	1	Scalded	1
	Stillborn	Cancer	1	Convulsion	13	Fevers	5	Teeth	4
	Aged	Cholic	1	Dropsy	4	Mortification	3	Thrush	2
	Apoplexy and Suddenly	Childbed	1	Drowned	1	Small-Pox	1		
	<i>Whereof have died,</i>	Ten and Twenty	3	Forty and Fifty	5	Seventy and Eighty	7		
	Under Two Years old	Twenty and Thirty	4	Fifty and Sixty	8	Eighty and Ninety	4		
	Between Two and Five	Thirty and Forty	4	Sixty and Seventy	9	Ninety and a Hundred	1		
	Five and Ten								

C H R I S T E N E D.				B U R I E D.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS.	44	52	96	47	28	75
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	23	15	38	17	20	37
St. GILES'S.	20	16	36	17	11	28
St. PETER'S.	3	0	3	2	2	4
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				3	3	6
In the whole Town.	90	83	173	86	64	150
	Increased	- -	27	Increased	- -	22

N. B. None have been buried of the SMALL-POX, in the Parish of All-Saints, since the 15th of March last.

Homo, tanquam fœnum et flos agri.

It is appointed unto Men once to die; but after this the Judgment. Heb. ix. 27.

YE mortal Men, the Tale attend,
TIME waits you on towards your End;
Year after Year flies swift away,
While Kings and Empires all decay.
Your Fate's appointed ONCE TO DIE,
And meet your SAVIOUR in the Sky.
Here Yearly Monitors proclaim,
That WE shall shortly be the same;
That, after all our Pains and Care,
WE MUST submit the Change to bear,
For e'en the Powerful and the Great,
Cannot the Common Foe defeat:
His Hand, his Dart's for ever sure,
And where he touches there's no Cure:
He sends them to the dreary Grave,
The Rich, the Poor, the Great and Brave;
He sends them where they lie at rest,
No Foe to trouble or molest.

'Tis there the Wicked cease to sin,
And there the Righteous' Peace begin;
They lie in humble Crowds below,
The King, the Beggar, Friend and Foe;
No Difference made, for all obey,
And moulder into Dust and Clay:
It's so APPOINTED from the First,
Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust.
There must they lie 'till TIME's no more;
'Till CHRIST's unveil'd th' Eternal Door;
'Till from the Trump a Sound they hear,
Arise, ye Dead, come forth, appear.
When lo! they live, and at the Voice
The Righteous may indeed rejoice;
But what the Bad?—Where can they run
An angry Sov'reign now to shun?
They cannot flir, they hear the Word,
And in the Clouds behold the Lord.

This Year the Burials see! INCREASE,
More virtuous Souls have found Release.
Learn then, O Man! in Time be wise,
Behold the Number here that dies;
Thou'rt not one of the Number yet,
But still the Lesson don't forget;
Another Year or Week may prove
Your longest Date on Earth to move.
Be ALWAYS READY then to go,
Prepare to meet the awful Foe:
That KING of TERRORS, in whose Hand,
Is given such a Great Command:
Trust not a Moment, but beware,
And watch him with the greatest Care;
Since 'tis ordain'd it so must be,
Remember how thy Moments flee;
They go apace, wing on with Speed,
As JAH at First the Whole decreed.